





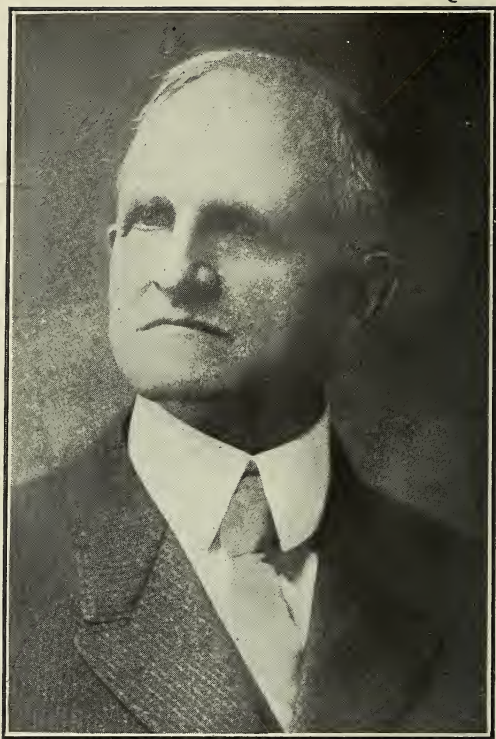
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POEMS OF ALVIN CURTIS SHAW



THE AUTHOR

Poems

of

Alvin Curtis Shaw



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Alvin Curtis Shaw



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TO

Someone who has never wavered
Someone who is always true,
Someone who is standing by me,
Someone who will see me through.

When the shadows gather round me,
She's my star that leads me on;
Hand in hand we'll go together
Through the night into the dawn—

MY WIFE

INTRODUCTION

In presenting this volume of optimistic poetic philosophy to the public, it is the earnest desire of the author to add in some measure to the sum of human happiness. In this work will be found no shadows, no gloom. Should the words of cheer contained herein cause some lone brother or sister who is bending beneath the burden of life to again take heart and renew the battle, the author's mission will have been accomplished.

Within will be found a wide diversity of thought, chief among which is the universal and eternal law governing the world and man: the great Within, founded on the basic principles of life, love, truth and justice.

The author begs leave to offer his sincere thanks to all who have contributed in any manner to whatever of success he may have attained in the field of literary endeavor, especially to those lovers of the muse for their kind and generous appreciation of a former edition.

THE AUTHOR.

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POEMS

MAXIMS

The world may judge you right or wrong,
Whoever scorns or flatters,
Still wear within your soul a song
It's what you are that matters.

The traitors fear and doubt will yield,
They're cowards in the fight,
While courage stays upon the field,
And puts them both to flight.

There is no harm when day by day
We gather knowledge where we may.
Defy the old time honored rules,
And learn from sages, wits or fools.

A BOSOM FRIEND.

We count that one a bosom friend
Who has no selfish aim or end,
Who only sees the good you do,
And overlooks the wrong in you.

When you are overcome with care
And trouble, they are always there;
They know at once and understand,
And come to you with heart and hand.

In all the world there are a few
Who stick and stay and see you through.
Who has no selfish aim or end,
We count that one a bosom friend.

THE TUG BOAT OR THE LINER

The mind of man is like a ship
Upon a sea of doubt:
Thought is the anchor, should it slip,
He's blown and tossed about.

Some are like pleasure boats at sea,
The storms they cannot brave—
While some are liners, grand and free,
Defying wind and wave.

Some, like the tug boat, hug the shore,
With smoke and din resound—
While liners face the billows' roar,
And sail the world around.

The tug is tossed by every breeze,
It cannot cross the bar;
While liners dare the unknown seas,
With wind and wave and star.

Man was intended brave and free
By nature's great Designer.
Which will you be on life's great sea,
A tug boat or a liner?

WHO SLAPS YOU ON THE BACK

We like that one who calls us Mac,
With friendly slap upon the back;
And in that slap a world of vim;
My heart just goes right out to him.

When you are feeling blue, that slap,
It seems to say, "Brace up, old chap!"
The windows of your soul begin
To raise and let the sunshine in.

The clouds that came across your way,
All seem at once to pass away;
You're ready then to dare and do.
That slap just puts new life in you.

There is no cloud in all your skies,
No load you cannot pack—
That one's an angel in disguise,
Who slaps you on the back.

THE OPTIMIST

His heart is light, he bids good-night
To every care and sorrow,
And all the day a sunny way
And trouble will not borrow.

He has no fear, he's full of cheer,
No matter where you meet him—
He's spick and span, he's all a man,
It's mighty hard to beat him.

He's full of grit, get-up and git,
He's honest, and he's able—
He gets our praise because he plays
His cards above the table.

He's always on the firing line,
In danger does not rattle—
He's at the front, he bears the brunt,
The hottest of the battle.

He toes the mark, however dark
The sky may be above him,
And all the while he wears a smile,
You cannot help but love him.

He's always got a tender spot
For wife and babe and mother,
He plays his part, with soul and heart,
We're proud to call him brother.

MAXIMS

Some people try to kill the truth
Yet there is not the least alarm,
They never have been close enough
To do the truth a bit of harm.

The proper time of day to dine
For those of wealth and ease,
Is six or eight or ten p. m.
Or any time they please.

While some of the unfortunate
Who have to strive and plan,
The proper time for them to dine
Is any time they can.

One fact there is 'tis very plain to see
We hold him wise who with us will agree.

THE FALLACY OF TOMORROW

When we wait until Tomorrow,
And always hesitate,
Then when Tomorrow comes around,
We're just a little late.

They who wait until Tomorrow,
Thinking there will be a way,
Then they do not know the value
Of doing things Today.

When we wait until Tomorrow,
Then we close and lock the gate
Upon our opportunity,
Ascribing it to fate.

The man who says "I cant' today,"
Will never pay his bill,
But fame and fortune wait upon
The man who says "I will."

The world would stop entirely,
And what would happen, pray,
If it weren't for the many
Who are doing things today?

When we say we can and will Today,
Then we are at our best,
And place in action all the power
Of which we are possessed.

The man who says, "I will today,"
Does not believe in fate,
When will and power both unite,
Then man is truly great.

The heights are being scaled Today,
So lofty and sublime,
Tomorrow with her wrecks is strewn,
Along the shores of time.

We know not of the future,
And the past has flown away,
We live in the eternal now,
We only have today.

THE WITHIN

Inharmony prevails,
There is a world of strife,
Is why so many fails,
In every walk of life.

Why should there be ill health,
Disturbance and distress?
This mad pursuit of wealth,
It brings unhappiness.

Why is the world so blind,
So deep in vice and sin?
Because they fail to find
The unexplored within.

All power lies within,
 We sleep, we eat, and drink,
And yet to live and win,
 Depends on what we think.

The world within we find,
 When taken as a whole,
Is governed by the mind,
 And under our control.

Build up the great within,
 With hope, and health and cheer,
For what we build within,
 Will outwardly appear.

With harmony within,
 There'll come, beyond a doubt,
A great and conscious power,
 And harmony without.

When you have built within,
You rise above the strife,
You then obtain at once
The secret key to life.

The fountain lies within,
It is no idle dream,
The great without is but
An outlet to the stream.

Within 'tis always day,
Without 'tis black as night,
Within the sunlit way,
Where all is life and light.

THE TYRANT BOSS

The tyrant boss is called that one
Who has an aspiration
To master all beneath the sun,
And dominate creation.

Around the hearth in every land,
There's no one there to cheer him—
He rules the home with iron hand,
They all are made to fear him.

At night no children climb the knee,
Nobody cares to greet him—
No note is heard of childish glee,
No little feet to meet him.

Oh what is life to one on earth,
Who dwells in total blindness—
No heart or soul or moral worth,
No milk of human kindness!

A humble cot with climbing rose,
Oh who is there can doubt it—
Where summer comes and never goes,
When love is all about it.

Some heart with loving words to say,
So tender and forgiving—
Some smile to chase the clouds away,
Then life is worth the living.

MAXIMS

On unpathed waters life is sped
To undreamed shores we drift ahead,
We sail upon an unknown sea
Into the vast eternity.

Beyond this shoal of time
This earthly strife
Who knows! what men call death
It may be life.

In Hope's fair sky forever shines
A star, a beacon light!
A friendly orb, that points toward
The Dawn beyond the Night!

THE CARNAL MAN

The carnal man is on the throne;
He's but a false aspirant;
As long as man will give him sway,
He'll rule him like a tyrant.

This carnal man is robed and crowned,
Demands a princely dower;
'Tis time that man should call a halt,
Deprive him of his power.

The inner man should be the king,
And he should wear the crown,
The king's within, he must be heard;
He can not, will not, down!

One road to the Millennium—

There is but one, my brother;
'Tis founded on unselfish love,
The joy you give another.

TRUE GREATNESS

My boy, when starting out in life
And just come out of college,
Don't be in haste to show the world
Your learning or your knowledge.

You may be versed in ancient lore,
The wisdom of the sages,
And you may have in ample store
The learning of the ages.

Be humble, unassuming, or
You'll surely meet disaster,
Remember, every man you meet
In some way is your master.

You may wear a badge or medal,
Or don a purple gown,
True merit needs no uniform
With which to gain renown.

The cap, the gown, the robe, the crown,
The titles of today—
Like mist before the morning sun,
Will surely pass away.

Conceal your learning while you may.
Nor list to emulation;
Let others seek the road to fame,
Strive not for reputation.

The hill is long and hard to climb
That leads you to success;
True greatness, after all, is just
A test of usefulness.

A MAN WORTH WHILE

The man we love and honor most,
Is near to nature's plan,
Though not endowed with high estate,
He's every inch a man.

No rank or title may adorn,
But you will always find
The manly man is courteous,
Considerate and kind.

Ideals and aspirations
Are stepping stones to fame,
And self control no man without
Is worthy of the name.

The money kings are numerous,
But it is very rare
We meet that king of all the kings,
The mental millionaire.

The progress of the centuries,
From darkness into day—
'Twas he that led the mighty march,
'Twas he that blazed the way.

In this our present day and age,
No other can compare,
It honors us to honor him,
The mental millionaire.

Our king of mental worth was born
Beneath no lucky star,
And cradled in obscurity,
No opulence to mar.

No sect or dupe of royalty
 Could use him for a tool,
He stood for equal rights for all,
 And no tyrannic rule.

He entered no agreement,
 With any click or clan,
But in dignity, he towered,
 To the stature of a man.

He breathed the air of freedom,
 Tread the road the heroes trod—
A noble to the manner born,
 And liberty was God.

Proud victor on the field of thought,
 We owe it all to thee—
The creditor of all the past,
 And all the years to be.

In this our present day and age,
No other can compare—
We bow to thee, thou king of kings,
The mental millionaire.

MAXIMS

Our friends they say the years may go,
We do not change at all, no matter,
But wrinkles tell the truth you know,
They're not so much inclined to flatter.

Some are you know a little slow
To grasp a situation,
They need in fact to be exact
A surgeon's operation.

That one is sadly lacking
So far as knowledge goes,
Who gets her information
From what her hubby knows.

ELBOW YOUR WAY

As you go through this world
Of ambition and strife,
You must elbow your way
Through the battle of life.

Just jostle a little,
And sing as you go,
Then elbow your way,
And keep hoeing your row.

Expect to be pushed
To the left or the right,
But don't take offense
Or you'll lose in the fight.

True merit adversity
Never can stop:
There's only one way
To go "over the top."

Your heart must be light,
With a smile and a song,
Then elbow your way,
And keep jostling along.

THE SMILE WILL WIN

Give all the world a sunny smile,
And like the orb of day,
When clouds appear your smile is near
To chase the clouds away.

Who courts a bright and sunny way
Is always at his best,
At any moment night or day
That one's a welcome guest.

Sunny days are always welcome,
Every age and every clime
Sunbeams drive away the darkness,
Be a sunbeam all the time.

And though defeated many times
Press on and do your part,
The noblest one of all is he
Who never loses heart.

Congenial spirits always blend,
Combined with brain and heart
In cheerful souls we meet the end
Of culture and of art.

Let sunshine flow from heart and soul
Whatever you may do,
You cannot fail to reach the goal,
The smile will pull you through.

THE SUNLIT WAY

The world is in a deadly sleep,
As yet does not awaken—
A few their silent vigils keep,
Their faith cannot be shaken.

The Son of Man, the Prince of Peace,
Is standing right beside us,
To give to all a sure release,
Whatever may betide us.

Who bears the burden of the day
His cup of joy is doubled,
To hear again the Master say,
“Let not your heart be troubled.”

There is no darkness, all is light,
Awake from sin and sorrow—
We're passing surely through the night,
There dawns the glad tomorrow.

No more to bid loved ones good-bye,
Nor mourn the dear departed—
The Prince of Peace is ever nigh,
To heal the broken hearted.

Awake, arouse, do not delay,
Come up where none are falling—
Come out upon the Sunlit Way,
The Son of Man is calling.

MAXIMS

True greatness does not rule by fear,
For be it understood,
We cannot count them truly great
Who are not truly good.

Exalted souls do not condemn
The fault that lies in others,
Who hath no sin or wrong within
They cannot see their brother's.

When honor, right and duty call
'Tis noble to obey,
All hail farewell to them who fall
Where freedom leads the way.

THOUGHT IS THE MOTOR

The time has come when every fear,
Of which we stand in dread,
Must pass away with all the ghosts,
Who are forever dead!

And, soon or late, mankind must learn—
For it is but a truth—
Within the human mind, there are
Eternal springs of youth!

The galleries of mind are gemmed,
With landscapes rich and rare,
And each and everyone may roam
In gardens bright and fair.

Within those gardens fair, we find
The world for which we sought,
And every leaf and bud and flower,
Is but a tender thought!

Bright crystal streams, with pebbled
walks,
And sunshine from above,
And fountains there, to quench our
thirst,
With universal love.

And in those gardens roam at will,
We never are confined;
For there are many countless roads,
Within the realm of Mind.

One is Ambition's rugged road,
Of which our feet will tire,
To mountains high of selfishness,
That belch volcanic fire.

Some lead to Passion's dismal swamp,
Of which no tongue can tell,
We make our choice and choose the
world,
In which we have to dwell.

Thought is the motor and the power,
To mold for good or ill;
And could, if rightly utilized,
The body sway at will.

When man awakes from out his sleep
And soul is at the helm,
He's master of the mighty deep,
And prince of all the realm.

LAW

With wisdom our guide,
We have searched for the light—
We have crossed the divide,
No star in the night.

We have been far afield,
We have plowed, we have sowed—
We have followed the light
To the end of the road.

We have looked upon nature
With wonder and awe,
We have learned that creation
Is governed by law.

The planet, the atom,
Comes under the rod—
All bow to the law,
Be it man or a God.

Though seeming unmerciful,
Yet it is just,
Law smiles not at virtue,
Nor frowns upon lust.

You can go where you may,
You may do what you will—
The law is the same,
And inflexible still.

As time rolls around,
We will find in the end
That law is as faithful,
And more than a friend.

There is nothing below,
 There is nothing above
That equals this law
 Of unqualified love.

There's a key to it all,
 There's a way to begin,
It is never without,
 It is always within.

One truth is apparent,
 Without any flaw,
The boundless creation
 Is governed by law.

MAN

Behold him from a worldly view,
The great material plan;
And every human effort still
Administers to man.

He's ruler of the universe,
Believes in education;
He's monarch over land and sea,
And lord of all creation.

His appetites are catered to,
His wants are well supplied,
Yet all his inclinations yield
To vanity and pride.

Man's sole ambition now is on
Material pleasure bent;
And wealth and luxury are both
Supposed to bring content.

While man is bound materially,
He never can be free;
Nor ever will he be content,
But just about to be.

He's chasing phantoms all the time,
His mind is filled with dread;
He never overtakes them: they
Are always just ahead.

Before man had discovered steam,
And when he sailed the sea,
And many years before he dreamed
Of electricity,

A look into the future would
Have filled his heart with joy,
With all his troubles at an end
And nothing to annoy.

But when the steamship came at last,
The world was all attention;
Then it was closely followed by
Electrical invention.

But still man isn't satisfied
With higher education;
He now is very much engaged
In aerial navigation.

The world implicitly believes
In modern sanitation;
And press and public advocate
Reforms in legislation.

There is no social system known—
Or legislative bills—
That can produce or bring about
Reforms for human ills.

For every road is traveled far,
And each and all explored,
So that the carnal Eden to
The man may be restored.

But in that carnal Eden where
There is so much adored,
At each and every entrance he
Will find a flaming sword.

And like a soldier of the guard
On duty night and day,
That flaming sword confronts the man,
Forever bars the way.

This man that we have painted thus
Is not the real man;
It's just his shadow working on
The evolution plan.

Man could be master of himself,
But, midst the strife and din,
He's always seeking aid without
Instead of aid within.

The body is a temple and
As such it cannot sin;
It just reflects the service that
Is going on within.

Man has a sculptor throned within
Who's working all the day;
'Tis but another name for soul,
The moulder of the clay.

'Tis far from being just to man
To think his ills are fate;
And it is folly to expect
To heal them while you wait.

Man's errors of the centuries—
They are not here to stay;
Like chaff they will be gathered up
At last and blow away.

MAXIMS

No day can be so overcast,
No night weighed down with care.
But what some star of hope at last
Comes forth to enter there.

Above the clouds there's some who dwell
Up in the sunshine every day,
Where life has many joys to give
And every ill has passed away

Faith and desire will make you whole
And lengthen out your days,
Ignite the spark however dark
And fan it to a blaze.

LOVE

Love is the power that molds and forms
Of life the greater part,
That wondrous fairest flower that blooms
Within the human heart.

Love is that dainty fragrant flower,
That sheds its sweet perfume
Where aspirations of the soul
Are constantly in bloom.

Love dawns upon us with its many
Changes, day by day;
It recreates and forms and
Fashions gods of common clay.

Love is a beacon light to guide
 Along life's troubled sea;
A silver bow on every cloud
 To light adversity.

Its mission is to elevate,
 Ennoble and refine;
It charms and thrills and sways with
 Magic power that's most divine.

Love is the scepter of the soul,
 And like a magic toy,
It changes many darkest days
 In life from gloom to joy.

Love is the rarest and the purest
 Gem of all the earth;
It builds the home and kindles
 Every fire on every hearth.

How like enchanted music, from
Afar that lingers long—
Love is the soul of melody,
The beauteous queen of song.

Love is a spark divine, formed by
The great creative plan—
A ray of light, a star to guide,
A part of God in man.

NATURE'S QUEEN

She is modest, she is winsome,
She is bonny, she is coy;
She's a gem of rarest value,
She's a jewel, she's a joy.

When she smiles, 'tis like a sunbeam;
Every glance is cupid's dart,
Then she throws a charm around you,
Gently steals into your heart.

She is graceful in her bearing
As a bird upon the wing;
She's as tender as a flower,
She is just a breath of spring.

Her form's a dream of fairyland,
Her eyes are heaven's hue,
Her lips the petals of the rose
When kissed by falling dew.

She is like a summer zephyr,
She's as dainty as a fawn,
Like a sunset on the water
Or the coming of the dawn.

She has life and she has humor
And a style that gives her tone,
She is jolly and bewitching
With a way that's all her own.

Dame nature with a lavish hand,
Whose power is all unseen,
Has touched her with her magic wand
And crowned her Nature's Queen.

KUBELIK

The greatest fiddler in the world!

He came to our town!

So me and my old lady, we

Fixed up and went aroun'.

And such a jam you never saw!

We thought there'd be a wreck!

But, say, he was a fiddler, and

They called him Kubelik.

When he came out upon the stage,

To make his little bow,

I says to my old lady then,

"Now, he will show 'em how!"

And did he show 'em? Well, I guess!
He sure could fiddle some!
And every one was wishin' he
Would play 'till kingdom come!

'Twas like a sail upon the lake,
In balmy summer time;
Then it would be a storm at sea,
The sounds were so sublime.

At times it would be soft and low!
And then an awful din!
Just like the tide a goin' out,
And then a comin' in!

And then it was a winter's day!
A desert bleak and wild!
A day in June, the world in tune,
The laughter of a child!

Then we were down upon the farm
Where gentle zephyrs play,
We stood in sunny fields, and caught
The scent of new-mown hay.

Then you could hear the notes of birds
A floatin' in the air!
And through the trees the hum of bees
And music everywhere!

The gentle winds were sighin' and
A rustlin' through the leaves,
And happy songs of harvesters
A bringin' home the sheaves!

He led us up a wooded path,
Into a flowery dell!
A safe retreat where lovers meet
And there their secrets tell!

And then we climbed the mountain side!

We landed on its crest!

And then the bugle call, To arms!

The lullaby to rest!

That fellow played on every cord

Within the human breast.

And yet it did not satisfy!

There was a mighty roar!

And then he played another piece!

But still they wanted more!

There came a time he had to stop,

As it was gettin' late!

The verdict was unanimous

That Kube was simply great!

Well, it's like a fairy story;
This boy of humble birth,
Who is now the greatest fiddler
There is upon the earth!

And how he was a suitor, too,
And won the hand and heart
Of the little fairy countess,
Who was captured by his art!

From a hut into a palace,
This lad has fought his way!
And me and my old lady thinks
That he is there to stay.

MAXIMS

In every walk of life,
'Twill stand the test,
In all our daily strife,
Few words are far the best.

We're seldom caught in any snares
When busy with our own affairs.

While ignorance may talk at will,
Yet learning has some value still.

A bore is one with nothing new
Who steals your time and patience too.

LITTLE JOE

The hero of our story, he
Blew into camp one day,
He wasn't very talkative;
He hadn't much to say.

A handsome, manly fellow, too,
As you would care to know;
But not a word about his home,
Just said to call him "Joe."

He proved himself a willing lad;
He always did his part;
And very soon he won a place
In everybody's heart.

.

The spring went by and summer came,
And things were going fine;
And little Joe had now become
The idol of the mine.

One day the lad was ailing; he
Had tried to fight it out—
The fever had him in its grip
There wasn't any doubt!

'Twas then we found a letter, close
Concealed upon his breast;
It told about his eastern home,
And how he'd wandered West!

We sent a message to his home,
To let his mother know,
She answered back, "I'll come at once!
God spare my little Joe!"

As fast as steam could carry her,
She hurried to her boy!
And not a miner in the camp,
Who didn't cry for joy!

She knelt beside his little cot,
And kissed his face and hair!
And with him folded to her breast.
Her heart went out in prayer!

The boys in groups had gathered round,
With whispers soft and low!
And in their way had offered up
A prayer for little Joe!

When Texas Bill allowed if he
Was up thar on the throne—
Was General Superintendent,
And a running things alone,

And when he came to little Joe,
He made the observation,
He'd save that boy or bust the plan
Of gettin' up creation!

I don't know how it came about,
But this I know is true,
I guess 'twas Tex that saved him, for
Our little Joe came through.

THE BABY

Who is it from its day of birth
That fills the home with joy and mirth,
The dearest, sweetest thing on earth?
The Baby.

Who comes as fair as summer's skies,
A drop of dew from paradise?
Its mother's from its toes to eyes,
The Baby.

Who is it cannot understand,
The wonders seen on every hand
Who always dwells in fairy land?
The Baby.

Who can a slight disturbance make,
Enough to keep the house awake
Because it has the 'tummie ache?

The Baby.

Who is it till the day is done,
Has everybody on the run
To fix a top, a doll, or gun?

The Baby.

Who steals upon us unawares,
Who wants to know about the bears?
Who is it drives away the cares?

The Baby.

Who comes at close of day to greet,
Who wants to ride on daddy's feet—
Who makes his home, his life complete?

The Baby.

Who is it when we are in doubt
With clouds and shadows all about,
We could not get along without?
The Baby.

Who is it midst the din and strife
Is all the world to man and wife?
Who is it? Bless its little life,
The Baby.

HOMELESS LITTLE ONES

*Extracts from "Man's Emancipation,"
page 197.*

The happy time comes on a pace,
'Tis surely on the way,
With mother-love for homeless ones,
There dawns a brighter day.

No tenement will curse the land
Where children of the poor
Have never seen a leaf or bud
Or tree around the door.

Child labor, too, shall disappear,
That shame, that foul disgrace,
That darkest stain of any age,
Of any time or place.

The children of the factory,
'Tis then they will be seen
Where golden-rod and daisies grow,
In fields of wooded green.

Their cheeks will bloom with roses then,
And like the lily fair,
They'll bathe in nature's own sunshine—
Will breathe her sweet, free air.

Those frail and helpless little ones
Will find a resting place.
In happy homes, where bud and bloom
The virtues of the race.

THE LAUGHTER OF A CHILD.

Oh childhood's free and happy hour,
Where all is love and truth!
We wander through that mystic realm,
Enchanted land of youth.

The land of innocence and mirth,
With nothing to annoy,
When pleasure fills the eyes with light,
And every heart with joy.

With buds and birds and blossoms sweet,
And flowers growing wild,
Yet sweeter far than all of these,
The laughter of a child.

Oh children of that mystic realm!

Our love we pledge anew—
And side by side, and hand in hand,
Would walk again with you.

Our childhood, may it still remain
Unchanging, as it should,
With Christmas chimes, its childish
rhymes,
And sweet Red Riding Hood.

Then let us in the future dwell,
With spirits undefiled,
That we may hear above the strife,
The Laughter of a Child.

MAXIMS

Not all the good and great were schooled
In regal halls of learning,
Yet such as they have always kept
The lamp of Progress burning.

A tranquil mind is always wrapped
In reason's robe sublime,
'Tis passion's storm where souls are
wrecked
Upon the reefs of time.

The error of the ages,
Why so many do not win,
Is always seeking power without
Instead of power within.

THE MODEL PREACHER

The man who never built a church,
Was but a humble teacher,
And though he never spoke in one,
He was a Model Preacher.

He never passed a day in school,
Or took a course in college,
Received his inspiration from
The fountain head of knowledge.

When but a boy, he put to flight
The wisest of the sages—
Completely overturning all
The learning of the ages.

He never sat with the elect,
At any costly dinners—
It seems to be authentic, that
He ate and drank with sinners.

He never donned a full dress suit,
Or wore a standing collar,
'Tis not on record that he paid
For luxuries a dollar.

Unlike the clergy of today,
Would think that one perverted—
To preach before he was ordained,
Nor yet had been converted.

He healed the people everywhere,
His day and generation,
He went about a doing good,
Received no compensation.

'Twas then, and still it is today,
The many made objection—
For they who put the world away,
'Twas instant resurrection.

No one on earth could fall so low
From shame and sin descended,
He gave to all an equal show,
With heart and hand extended.

He loved the children, and he held
Them close in his embraces,
He made his home among the poor
In their abiding places.

A carpenter of lowly birth,
Was but a humble teacher—
The man who put the world away,
Who was this Model Preacher?

EULOGY ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN

We see him when a prattling babe
 Upon his mother's knee;
Within that humble little cot,
 We see adversity.

We see him struggling through his youth
 To manhood's high estate;
We see him standing every test
 That marks the truly great.

We follow closely by his side,
 And every step we trace;
We see him fill with honor
 Every trust and every place.

We see this nature's nobleman
Stand out in bold relief;
We see the country's danger when
The people hail him chief.

We see the lowering clouds of war
Hang heavy o'er the land,
With traitors at the nation's throat,
And treason in command.

Again with loving words we hear
Him pleading for the right:
The mystic cords of memory
Will surely reunite.

We see him standing at the helm
To steer the ship aright;
We see him on the watch-towers
In the vigils of the night.

We see him worn with grief and care
As though the heart would break;
And yet he never falters, for
The nation is at stake.

We see him climb to every height—
This martyr yet to be;
We see the light and hail the star,
The dawn of liberty.

And like Horatius at the bridge,
One of the noble three,
We see him strike the shackles down
And set the bondsmen free.

We see him in the halls of state,
And in the busy mart;
We see him with the boys in blue;
He's talking heart to heart.

We see the loving mother come
To bless, with latest breath,
And clasp the hand of him who stood
Between her boy and death.

And then we see the sunny side,
The genial and the jest;
We see him round the cheerful board,
We see him at his best.

The clouds of war had rolled away,
And hushed the cannon's roar;
And brothers met in stern array,
Were now to meet no more.

The hand that steered the ship of state,
And though the waves dashed high,
Had landed safe the precious freight;
And victory was nigh.

And then we see him stricken down,
We see the nation bow;
We see the wreath immortal placed
Upon his honored brow.

Again we hear the muffled drum,
The stately marshal tread;
Again a war-worn weary world,
Salutes its mighty dead.

To help the race was his desire,
No seeker after fame
His hand had touched immortal fire,
His genius lit the flame.

The noblest souls of every age,
Are always in the van,
The martyred Lincoln is today
Columbia's matchless man.

EULOGY ON ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

He was a fearless friend of man!
Who nobly served his day;
A Mental King of moral worth,
Though formed of common clay.

One of the few heroic souls,
Who enter public strife,
That both adorn and dignify
The every walk of life!

A man advancing all the time,
A leader in the fight,
A great and gallant soul who stood
For the eternal right.

A man who would not bend the knee
 To pomp and power and place;
 A worthy son deserving of
 The homage of the race.

A man we know whose honor was
 As spotless as a star!
 A soldier on the field of thought—
 A Henry of Navarre!

That peerless knight had stood alone,
 He threw the gauntlet down—
 Defying myth and miracle,
 The cap, the robe, the crown!

An intellectual athlete,
 Who scaled the peaks of thought;
 And left ambition far below,
 All pride and self forgot.

And standing proudly on the heights,
 With freedom's flag unfurled!
 He broke the chains and prison bars,
 To liberate the world.

And if we count that spirit great,
 Who aids with heart and hand,
 The weak, oppressed of all the earth--
 Then he was great and grand!

The world? It was his country!
 His religion? to do good!
 The cause for which he labored?
 Universal brotherhood!

There were no fetters on his brain!
 He stood erect and free;
 His temple was the Universe,
 His God was Liberty.

Alone, he drove that phantom, fear,
Forever from the brain:
That any of the human race
Are doomed to endless pain.

His heart was wide as all the world,
It beat for all the race,
And yet within that manly heart,
No wrong could find a place.

If all his splendid sentiment,
Could pass through Nature's loom,
With every word a woven flower,
The air would scent perfume.

Mankind is better that he lived,
And since he's come and gone,
The light is slowly breaking:
We are nearer to the dawn.

In soul inspiring eloquence,
He stood without a peer;
With reverent hands we beg to lay
A wreath upon his bier.

A spirit of heroic mold,
Majestic in its might,
We hope has found eternal day,
And not a starless night.

UNIVERSAL LAW

The thinking world acknowledges
A universal law,
That moves in perfect harmony,
Without a single flaw.

That law for ages man has sought
To bend; and, though unknown,
In each and every instance he
Has reaped what he has sown.

That law, it cannot, will not, bend;
Suppose it could, what then?
There would be pandemonium
Among the sons of men.

The law is beneficial, and
If man would but agree,
It stands to serve him as a friend
And aids to set him free.

How often in collision, when
The law and man doth meet:
The law sustains no fracture, but
The man, he meets defeat.

And why should man presume to change
This law that must be right?
Would man, and could he if he would,
Improve the Infinite?

We live and move and think by law,
It governs time and space;
Go where you will, do what you may,
The law is in its place.

It governs every blade of grass
And every drop of dew,
It governs all the fleecy clouds
And tints their golden hue.

The rising and the setting sun,
The night, the dawn of day—
Law governs countless worlds in space,
And guides them on their way.

One universe of all that is,
One fountain head of youth;
One law of wisdom rules it all,
One great eternal truth.

As age on age shall roll around
Before man's race is run,
The truth will dawn on him at last
That love and law are one.

MAXIMS

Could man have been created,
Then he would be estimated
To be a part, and parcel of a plan.
He would stand or fall alone
Through no merit of his own,
The automatic image of a man.
Wisdom rolls the stone away,
From the sepulcher today.
Pointing out to all the everlasting truth,
Man has been, and he will be,
Throughout all eternity,
Eternal with the fountain head of youth,
In the summing up there is no kind of
doubt
Man will come into his own,
He will reap what he has sown,
For eternal justice will be meted out

THE Y. M. C. A.

The world it has heard of the story,
'Twas while they were fighting in
France,
Of a path that was covered with glory,
That led to the farthest advance.

'Twas a trail of white posts that were
standing,
Like stars they were pointing the way
To a harbor of safety and landing,
On the line of the Y. M. C. A.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
The shock and the thick of the fight,
The soldiers, when wounded in battle,
Would follow by day and by night.

With hearts that were beating so lightly,
Each one in himself was a host,
Though wounded and blinded and bleed-
ing,
They followed the trail of the posts.

Like a ray of the sun they would meet
you,
They were standing there day after day,
With a smile and a cheer they would greet
you,
These lads of the Y. M. C. A.

They'd just like a brother caress you,
Though only a moment you stop,
With a hearty good luck, they would bless
you,
Before you leap over the top.

To arms! when the bugle was calling,
In fancy were over the foam—
As in line they were silently falling,
They had written their last letters
home.

Where the shot and the shrapnel were
flying
The horrors, the tongue cannot tell,
The terrors of death were defying,
They marched through the trenches of
Hell.

If in all of the land there are any,
For freedom they're blocking the way,
Who begrudges the sum of a penny,
In aid of the Y. M. C. A.

Then here's to the cream of creation,
They're giving the world a new birth—
Though getting no remuneration,
These lads are the salt of the earth.

UNITED STATES MARINES

'Twas Chateau Thierry's battle field,
One blazing summer day,
The world was trembling to its base,
The Allies were at bay.

A score of times the Allied arms
Had charged that wall of steel,
Until the lines had wavered
And their ranks began to reel.

'Twas then United States Marines
Who bore the battle's brunt,
With colors proudly flying,
Charged nobly to the front.

In thunder tones their shouts rang out
Above that fearful fray,
And forward went the colors
Of the grand old U. S. A.

The Huns were flushed with victory,
Determined not to yield,
The flower of all the German hosts,
Were on that battle field.

The soldiers of the U. S. A.
Were never known to fail—
With nerves of steel, they faced that
storm,
Of shot and leaden hail.

'Twas in a deadly whirlwind charge,
No tongue can ever tell,
They threw the gauntlet down to fate,
And all the imps of Hell.

"Twas man to man, they charged the foe,
Across that fearful sea—
And fought their way through shot and
shell,
To fame and victory.

Their names will live and be engraved
On fame's immortal peak—
The noblest Romans of them all,
And grander than the Greek.

Forever unsurpassed will shine
The splendor of the scenes,
The charge at Chateau Thierry
Of United States Marines.

WHEN WARS WILL CEASE

The lords of earth who sit in state,
Who think they are the only great,
When they are made to abdicate
Then Wars will cease.

When every nation shall be free,
No more to tyrants bend the knee,
Controlled by love and liberty,
Then Wars will cease.

There'll be no war in that great day,
When all the people have their say,
When truth and justice point the way,
Then Wars will cease.

Where battle fields are bleak and bare,
Again will fragrance scent the air
With bud and blossom everywhere,
 When Wars shall cease.

While every tribe and every tongue
Will shout just like when earth was
 young,
When all the stars together sung,
 When Wars shall cease.

MAXIMS

The critics sit in judgment
On those who write or sing,
Producing something better, *that*
Is quite another thing.

He who has lacked for want of words
Since this old earth was young,
Is often wise, a fool is one
Who cannot hold his tongue.

They say that maids are May when wed.
And then they change but please re-
member,
The buds of May their bloom has fled
When touched by winds of chill De-
cember.

WOMAN

A few are prone to speak about
A woman's every act,
As rumor never is in doubt
'Tis taken as a fact.

Who would defame a woman's name,
A sister or a mother,
Would be a most ungrateful son,
A more unworthy brother.

No matter what the women do
Or how they may be dressing,
The lovely dears have always been
Our very greatest blessing.

Now should it come to any test,
 Though we may try to serve them,
When we have done our very best,
 We never half deserve them.

'Tis woman guides us all the way,
 Her smile the world to light,
Without 'twould be a sunless day,
 A dark and starless night.

Until we cross the great divide,
 We want her here to cheer us,
There's nothing on the other side
 Unless she could be near us.

MOTHER

Thou who dost bless our early years
And share alike our joys and tears.
How well we know thy kindly face,
Thy winning smile, thy every grace.

Thy voice is like a magic wand,
As though from some enchanted land.
In every ill thou stoop'st to bless,
A look is but a fond caress.

And though, dear one, we know thee well,
There's none a Mother's love can tell.
No poet's muse or sculptured art,
Can e'er depict a mother's heart.

'Tis like the herald of the day
When we are lost in doubt.
It comes and enters at our door
When all the world goes out.

With aid and sympathy it forms
A link in life's long chain.
And when the trying moment comes
Will stand the greatest strain.

How like the oak amidst the storm!
'Tis grand in danger's hour;
But when the calm has come again
'Tis like the vine and flower.

Oft in the vigils of the night
Bowed low in silent prayer,
When pleading for that little life
A mother's love is there.

No sky can ever be so black—
The night of sad despair,
Will brighten when thy star of hope
Comes forth to enter there,

In all our darkest hour of need
There is no tongue or pen
That can portray a Mother's love,
Her true devotion then.

How like the fragrance of a flower!
A boon to mortals given!
A Mother's love is not of earth,
'Tis but a breath of heaven.

WE SHOULD NOT JUDGE A BROTHER

We cannot tell, we do not know
Just how to judge a brother;
Remember he was once a babe,
The idol of a mother.

Once he was just as pure as light
From out a sunny sky,
And folded to a mother's heart
With love that cannot die.

He may have wandered far away
And fallen very low;
It matters not how many times—
Give him another show.

In all the world he has no friend,
Forsaken and alone,
But let him who is free from sin
Be *first* to cast a stone.

No matter what he may have done
He has the right to live;
'Tis always easy to condemn,
It's noble to forgive.

He may have crossed the desert bare
And faced the storm and heat;
We do not know how many thorns
Have pierced the tender feet.

And all should stop a moment
Some kindly word to speak,
For none can rise to greatness
By trampling on the weak.

That noble one who offers aid
With honor should be decked;
To stoop to raise a fallen one,
'Tis but to stand erect.

The fearless ones in every age,
The wisest and the best,
Have laid the helping hand upon
The brow of the opprest.

A gentle word, a friendly hand,
Is always sure to win;
It is just one touch of nature
That makes the whole world kin.

MAXIMS

They may not be the best of earth
Who are so well descended,
Though they may come of gentle birth
The glory may have ended.

A gentleman may be a lord,
More oft a plowman of the sod,
Or halls of learning may adorn
A gentleman may pack a hod.

Old beacon lights long may they burn
Old books will stand the test;
Old recollections will return,
Old friends are far the best.

THE IDEAL HOME

There's a cozy little cottage
In a quiet shady spot,
Nestling down among the roses
And the sweet for-get-me-not.

Always when the day is over,
When I know that I am free,
Someone's in that little cottage
Just awaiting there for me.

Someone's eyes are growing brighter,
Someone's standing at the gate;
Someone's heart is getting lighter,
Someone knows I'm never late.

Someone's always there to welcome,
Someone's happy as can be;
Someone's arms are thrown around me
Someone's talking tenderly.

Someone's smiling as she tells me
All about her little cares;
Someone gently stoops to kiss me
When I'm taken unawares.

And if I'm a little bothered
When the times are mighty tight,
Someone says, "Now don't you worry,
It is coming out all right."

Someone who has never wavered,
Someone who is always true,
Someone who is standing by me,
Someone who will see me through.

Someone, is a little woman,
Bravely meeting care and strife,
Someone, is a little sweetheart,
Someone, is a little wife.

Years ago I wooed and won her,
She's my world in which I dwell;
Angel of my better nature,
More to me than I can tell.

When the shadows gather round me
She's my star that leads me on;
Hand in hand we'll go together
Through the night into the dawn.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A DAD?

What is home without a mother?
Who can make the home so glad?
While we always think of mother
Should we not remember Dad?

All the way his road is rugged,
Little play and little rest—
It is not a path of pleasure
When 'tis taken at the best.

Dad is up so bright and early,
Takes his little dinner pail
Out in every kind of weather,
Rain and sleet and storm and hail.

Dauntless daring every danger;
Always does the best he can;
Fear to him a total stranger,
Dad is nothing but a man.

Men have stood in line of battle
When the day was black as night,
Faced the cannon's roar and rattle,
Stood for the eternal right.

Life is but a field of battle,
Men are falling thick and fast,
Fighting for their homes and loved ones,
Heroes battling to the last.

Where the shot and shell are raging,
There to bear the battle's brunt
Standing nobly by his colors,
Dad is always at the front.

Often in the heat of battle,
 Though he wearies of the fight,
Yet he proudly marches onward
 Till the coming of the night.

Mother's day we know is welcome,
 Daddy's day is not so bad;
Let us always gather roses,
 Some for Mother, some for Dad.

MAXIMS

Man has passed through many stages,
Down through prehistoric ages—
By the great eternal laws of nature's
plan,
Past through many forms and spheres,
Lived and dreamed away the years,
While progressing from the atom to the
man.

Looking forward, what a blessing,
You may ever be progressing—
In the cycles yet to come may be divine—
You may go and come again.
On a high and higher plain;
All the boundless vast eternity is thine.

LINCOLN AND THE BOYS IN BLUE

(Founded on Facts)

'Twas the spring of eighteen sixty-five,
When all the world could see
The fearless Grant was closing up
Around the gallant Lee.

For Richmond then had fallen and
The negroes they were free,
And Sherman and his army
They were marching to the sea.

Two soldiers clad in army blue
Were standing by the walls
Of the nation's greatest structure—
The legislative halls.

These lads went out from Michigan
When first the war begun,
Their regiment one thousand strong,
And now—but forty-one!

The numbers tell the story true;
But if you wish to see,
Look up the Stonewall regiment
And the famous Company E.

The boys were not on duty now
But out to take a stroll,
They both were from the battle's front
And out upon parole.

Their attention was attracted
To walls which were defaced;
For written there, in letters bold,
Their comrades' names were traced.

,

They both were in a study then
And each made up his mind;
For, where their comrades led the way,
They would not be behind.

But, just as they commenced to write,
Some one in uniform
Appeared upon the scene and at
The boys began to storm.

He then at once called out the guard
To have the matter tested.
In other words, 'twas his intent
To have the boys arrested.

The guard came on the double quick,
With bayonets presented!
Our soldier boys were getting riled:
They very much resented.

For both of them had faced the foe
 On many a battlefield;
 And now they bravely stood their ground
 And neither one would yield.

They were filled with indignation
 And gave their feelings vent!
 When lo! behold! there come along—
 Our worthy President!

The great immortal Lincoln brought
 Proceedings to a halt!
 And then he started out to find
 Just who was in the fault!

And very soon the verdict came:
 (The boys were much elated)
 The President made up his mind—
 They were exonerated!

It was a most impressive scene!
 The air was rent with cheers!
 And one they never would forget
 Through all the coming years!

He told them every boy in blue
 Could come and write his name!
 For he was proud of all of them—
 The sick, the halt, the lame!

No place could be too sacred for
 A Union soldier's name!
 And if his own were linked with theirs,
 He wished no greater fame!

The boys in blue gave up their lives!
 'Twas all they had to give!
 On freedom's altar laid them down,
 That you and I might live!

And every one beneath the flag,
Whoever it may be,
Of race or color, black or white,
Forever shall be free!

No artist, sage or poet,
Whatever they may do,
Can ever paint the valor of
The gallant boys in blue!

Then his voice grew low and tender,
And a tear was on his cheek;
Our heroes tried to thank him but
They were too glad to speak!

He put his arms around the boys,
And said: "You're not to blame!"
"And if you like, then, side by side,
We all will write our name!"

And there the nation's idol stood:
 The great, the grand, the true!
 And wrote his name upon the wall,
 Beside the boys in blue.

Our history's page can ne'er record,
 Upon her scroll of fame,
 Another that will ever dim
 The noble Lincoln's name!

While time shall last, Columbia's sons
 Their pledges will renew;
 And Lincoln's name will live beside
 The gallant boys in blue!

CRITICISM OF RELIGIOUS SECTS

Religious sects are criticized
Because they fence their good,
Instead of advocating
Universal brotherhood!

Now, every sect in Christendom,
Is mainly in the right!
Then why not stop contending
That they have all the light!

Could we believe the Protestants,
When they have had their say,
They are the only people:
For they have the right-of-way.

They still believe that Providence
Has special favors sent;
And doubters are inflicted with
Some future punishment!

The Catholics, they tell us, too,
That they have all the Light:
For they have had it handed down—
They have the copyright!

They still advise the bells and cross
For every son and daughter!
And still believe the saving grace
And power of Holy Water.

Regarding Hell, with them they show
By every word and act,
(There is no doubt about it)
It is just a settled fact!

And then the Mormons come along,
And they, too, have it fine:
They have a special wire, which
Is not a party line!

They tell us of the future state
And all about creation,
And build their corner stone upon
The rock of Revelation.

The world has yet to prove to them
Their gospel is a myth,
They all are staunch and loyal to
The Prophet Joseph Smith.

And there are many other sects,
That must not be neglected,
Who claim they are the only ones
That will be resurrected!

And last of all, there is a class
The splendid thought advance;
That every one, in all the world,
Will surely stand a chance!

They do not claim the "right-of-way;"
They have no "copyright;"
Nor yet are they assuming
That they have all the "Light."

Their Temple is the boundless blue!
The stars light up the dome!
The rich and poor, the high and low,
All find an equal home!

They recognize in all the world,
In every man, a brother!
Their corner stone unselfish Love,
The joy you give another!

They have the only gospel

That was handed down to man;

It's treat your neighbor as yourself!

Do all the good you can!

When you do all the good you can,

Can any one do more?

Then trust the silent Ferryman

To reach the farther Shore!

MAXIMS

Who climbs ambition's rugged height
If to the top he seeks,
Will find the winds of envy rage
Around the highest peaks.

In men like mountains all untold
Are many hidden veins of gold.

The law of change is like the sea,
It never is at rest,
There are no birds in any tree
Who live in last year's nest.

A GREAT RACE

The greatest race that had been run
Since time began his rounds,
Was down in old Kentucky,
Near the course of Churchill Downs.

A horse who entered in that race
Was out to save a farm,
The farmer's only daughter gave
To him the name "Alarm."

Miss Katie and "Alarm" were chums,
They never were apart,
And since his birth he'd always been
The idol of her heart.

Miss Katie was a favorite,
A handsome bonny lass,
And when it came to horsemanship
But few were in her class.

"Alarm" had never known defeat,
A thoroughbred was he,
And he could go the distance, for
He had a pedigree.

'Twas at the County Fair one day,
In nineteen hundred one,
And many thousands gathered there
The day the race was run.

A cool ten thousand dollars was
The price the purse would pay
To the horse that beat the field, was
In the running all the way.

And horsemen they had gathered there
From far and near around,
And everyone was trying hard
To pull the money down.

There were cracker-jacks from every-
where

And thoroughbreds galore,
And everyone was betting on
The - horse they thought would score.

The bookies, they were laying odds
The field would beat "Alarm,"
But still he was the only chance
To save the Mason farm.

The jockeys with their colors up
Had ridden on the track,
When, with a plunge, "Alarm" had
thrown
The boy from off his back.

'Twas not a fatal accident
But just a broken arm;
They had to get another boy
To ride the great "Alarm."

At last Miss Kate herself appeared
With colors blue and red,
And vowed if they would let her ride
She'd bring him in ahead.

The girl was in the saddle now—
"They're off," the people shout
That blue and red was in the rear,
There wasn't any doubt.

And now they're at the quarter pole
And going very fast,
When every one could plainly see
The great "Alarm" was last.

And just a little later they
Had gone a half a mile,
And blue and red was closing up
The gap in royal style.

Excitement now was fever heat,
They'd gone another lap,
Were near the great three-quarter pole,
Yet still there was a gap.

And now they all were in the stretch—
Where was the great "Alarm?"
The noble steed, he seemed to know
He had to save the farm.

He was going like a demon,
And by the leader's side;
The girl that wore the blue and red,
Ye gods, how she could ride!

'Twas side by side and neck and neck,
And none of them would yield,
And now a mighty shout rang out;
“‘Alarm’ agin the field!”

The kings of all the turf were there,
And thousands held their breath;
The girl that wore the blue and red,
To her 'twas life or death.

The track was thronged with people, all
Who lived about the farm,
Again a mighty shout rang out:
“Come home, come home, ‘Alarm.’ ”

And grandly he was coming home,
With colors blue and red,
And midst the thunders of applause
Came in a nose ahead.

FAIRY LAND

When Fancy sets her every sail,
And eager youth is in command,
We launch our boat upon the wave
And sail away to Fairyland.

A fragrant scent from far away
Is wafted from some fairy shore—
A crystal stream, a friendly wind,
An unseen hand to row us o'er.

A siren song that lulls to rest,
A moonlit sail, an isle of green,
A strain of music heard within
Some palace of a Fairy Queen.

The Fairyland is decked with dells,
And wooded paths and flowers,
And silvery lakes and fairy walks,
Lead to enchanted bowers.

And all is life and love and joy,
And everything is pleasure;
There is no work in Fairyland—
It's just a land of leisure.

With lofty castles all the way,
And grand and stately towers—
Where Fairy bands of music play
To while away the hours.

And in that wondrous Fairyland,
The land of Cupid's birth,
There Love and Cupid reign supreme,
And care is drowned in mirth.

And as we flit from place to place,
With feet so light and airy,
'Tis with regret we say "Good-bye"
To each and every fairy.

And Fancy in her gayer moods,
When youth is in command,
On golden wings will fly away,
With Love, to Fairyland.

HOGAN AND DOOLAN

Patsy Hogan was a copper,
And a son of Erin's Isle,
He was on the Central detail,
And was noted for his style.

Patsy was a brawny fellow,
Six foot in his stocking feet,
He was something of a scrapper.
And the best man on the beat.

One evening when at luncheon,
Mrs. Hogan says to Pat,
"Your neighbor, Lary Doolan,
Has been talking through his hat.

“Today as I was walking out,
I met with Mr. Doolan,
And when he spake, says I to him,
‘Go on, you’re only foolin.’

“Then Doolan says to me, says he,
And gave me arm a twist,
‘There’s twinty men I’m goin’ to lick,
And Hogan’s on the list.’ ”

Lary Doolan was a cobbler,
And he ran a little store,
When Hogan heard what Doolan said,
It made him awful sore.

Says Pat to Mrs. Hogan,
“Doolan’s nothing but a pup,
As I go to work this evening,
I’ll go in and do him up.”

So as Hogan was a goin'
By Lary Doolan's place,
Says Pat, "I'll just go in and break
This Mr. Doolan's face."

Then Hogan says to Doolan,
"What's this that you've been at,
A telling everybody you
Would meet me on the mat?"

"And how about the twinty min
That you're a goin' to bate,
And all the neighbors talkin'
About your little slate?"

"You're on," said Mr. Doolan
As he shook his mighty fist,
"It's straight now, Mr. Hogan,
You're the boie that heads the list."

Now Doolan had been trainin',
He looked the real thing,
And Hogan he was down to weight,
And ready for the ring.

So Doolan swung for Hogan,
But Hogan wasn't there,
Then Hogan pasted Doolan,
Doolan's feet were in the air.

Then Doolan hollered, "Hogan,
It's stop I tell ye whist,
If youse will hold a minute,
I will rub yese off me list."

The neighbors put an end to it,
Who happened to be near,
By pryin' Mr. Hogan's tath,
From Mr. Doolan's ear.

MAXIMS

An unkind word the sting the soul re-
tains
Is like the wound, though healed the scar
remains.

Kind words are sweeter far than all of
song and art
To touch the chords of that great harp,
the human heart.

By far the greatest worries of the race
Are troubles that have never taken place.

WORLD HISTORY

The nations like man, have a season
Of manhood, of youth, and decay,
Yet while it is true, there's a reason,
They never know when to make hay.

When India was ruling in splendor,
'Twas Brahma who ran it alone,
But Brahma went out on a bender,
So Egypt sat down on his throne.

Then Greece at the bat had an inning,
A club that was right up to date—
There's nothing could stop her from win-
ning,
So Egypt went out at the plate.

Well, Greece for a time was a goin',
But wonders they never will cease,
And while she was bragging and blowin',
Why, Rome took a fall out of Greece.

'Twas Nero who cornered the sugar,
By sitting in vanity's lap—
The people got after the bugger,
Rome fell and went off of the map.

Then Europe came on with her culture,
Her learnig, her music and art,
'Till William the Second, the Kaiser,
Appeared and was playing his part.

The right, it will never diminish,
Integrity never will down,
The Kaiser has come to his finish,
By losing his throne and his crown.

The nations, like man, are deficient,
 'Tis useless to build for a day,
A hint from the past is sufficient,
 There's nothing but justice will stay.

THE ROAD TO EASY STREET

The country's going money mad!
And every one you meet,
Will tell you he has found the road
That leads to Easy Street.

Some booster comes and holds you down,
And bores you till you're vexed,
And tips you on the quiet,
He's a goin' to put you next!

And first of all he has a mine,
And gold that lies in chunks!
The mine is worth a million, but
They need a thousand plunks!

And while you're feeling pretty gay,
There comes along a lubber,
And shows you how so many men
Have struck it rich in rubber!

But still you have a little left,
With which to speculate,
And so you take a flyer on
A bunch of real estate!

And when you're nearly down and out,
And weary of the strife,
You run agin' the fellow with,
The "twenty payment life!"

He charms you in his winning way,
And drives away your fears,
Then binds you up in black and white,
To pay for twenty years!

And as your money fades away,
Your hopes they to diminish,
They've worked you to a fare-ye-well.
And "flimmed" you to a finish!

Now should these lines apply to you,
Don't fly into a fury!
They're showing people every day,
Who hail from old Missouri!

NOTHING NEW

We see the same old sun by day,
At night the same old moon,
We go to see the same old play,
We hear the same old tune.

The lovers make the same old vow,
They woo and win or lose,
Yet what they vow or what they say,
Is never any news.

There's nothing new that can be said,
That's not been said before,
The most of those who try instead,
At best they only bore.

Miss Kate has sat 'till late at night,
With Mr. John McRay,
At breakfast Kate's Ma-ma inquired,
"What did he have to say?"

"Ma-ma, when Dad was courting you,
The same old gush was hurled,
There's nothing said today that's new,
It's just the same old world."

STICKIN' ROUND

“Now comes the winter of our discontent,”

When fogs appear and we are cramped
for rent.

Our coal and grocery bill is goin' some,
They tell us that the worst is yet to come.

We've nibbled every bait, along the line,
From oil and rubber to a wild cat mine.

Our bank account has had an awful dent,
And if we are not broke, we're badly bent.

Our creditors, they've got us on the rack,
They get us goin' and a comin' back.

The daily mail we get, with duns is
 jammed,
Was ever mortal man on earth so
 damned?

We're stickin' round, although a little
 vexed,
To see just what in H'l will happen next.

THE STENOGRAPHER

Hello Old Sport! Is you de guy
Wot put it in de paper,
Youse looking for a good stenog?
Well, I'm de proper caper!

I'm educated up in G!
Me name is Liz McLourie!
Jest t'row your optics on to me!
I'm chmpion of de bowery!

I've got de speed in both me mits:
Yose needn't t'ink I'm green!
And when I git me ragtime gait,
I'll bust your old machine!

And do youse mind, I' tellin' ye,
Yer know I've got me "steady!"
No goo-goo eyes at me, Old Sport,
Remember I'm a leidy!

And don't you'se get too gay wit' me,
Because youse got de swag!
And in de mornin', when I'm late,
Youse needn't chew de rag!

I'm such a timid little t'ing!
I'm never known to boast:
Me "steady" wouldn't stand for it,
For me to get a roast!

An' listen, cully, and you'll have
Me lastest observation:
For, if I get de job, I'll stick—
Just like a poor relation!

And how about me salary?

De dough's de stuff dat knocks!

Dere's nothin' doin' wid de gang,

Unless yer've got de rocks!

What's dat? you'se goin' to pass me up!

Well, by de hully gee!

So long, Old Sport, yer out of date!

And you'se too cheap fer me.

MAXIMS

Life has its changes
 Tinged with doubt and fear,
With sun and shadow
 Touched with smile and tear.

The night was made for love and song,
 Ambition rules the day,
With father time we jog along,
 So let it come what may.

The sable sisters of the night
 Steal silently away,
To meet on misty mountain tops
 The rosy nymphs of day.

BYGONE DAYS

Are all those golden moments o'er
With joy and pleasure teeming?
Dear one, are we to meet no more,
Or am I only dreaming?

Those happy days can I forget,
A vision seems to haunt me yet.

Dark eyes that well adorned a face
So filled with modesty and grace.

In manner chaste and so refined,
A pearl, methought of womankind.

I will not chide nor censure thee
 Though I may be rejected.
The blame it lies alone with me,
 For you have been neglected.

My dear Marie, I will agree,
 To leave a word unspoken,
I know 'tis wrong to wait so long,
 To send some tender token.

If you'll forgive then while I live,
 I'll always be your lover.
But here's my wife, it's worth my life!
 I'll have to take to cover.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CIRCUS

The good old-fashioned circus—it
Is something of the past!
But still it lives in memory yet
And will, while times shall last!

We love to turn the pages back
And think of long ago:
When youth and age alike enjoyed
The good old-fashioned show.

For weeks ahead the bills were up,
For miles and miles aroun',
And there was something doin',
When the circus came to town!

The streets were thronged with people
bound

To see the great parade:
On every corner could be seen
The rustic and the maid.

For everybody's cousin and
His uncle and his aunt
Had come to town in family groups,
To see the elephant!

The smell of roasted peanuts,
At ninety in the shade;
The trumpet's blare and everywhere
The circus lemonade!

A few were loaded to the guard
With good old-fashioned booze!
And there were many sure-thing men,
Who said we couldn't lose!

Instead of the calliope,
They had the fife and drum!
It wasn't classic music—
But they wuz a goin' some!

When they came marching down the
street,
The finest in the land,
All dressed up in their uniforms—
They played to beat the band!

There was fine old martial music,
The tunes were good and true!
"The Girl I Left Behind Me" and
The old "Red, White and Blue!"

The wonders of the world were there!
(For they had searched creation
To form this most stupendous
And colossal aggregation.)

The daring bare-back rider and
The thrilling high trapeze!
The clown was there with all his tricks
And evryone to please!

The great ring master! he was there
Who marched about the ring!
Ther wuzn't nothing to it—
He was just the real thing!

And in those good old palmy days
There was no cushion seat—
A common board, was good enough,
And mighty hard to beat!

We boys, that sat up near the top,
Our eyes would open wide,
When we looked out and saw the world
Still going on outside.

And then there wuz the side show, too!
And no one there could doubt it:
A man stood on a dry goods box,
And told us all about it!

They had the bearded lady and
The Indian Rubber man!
And then the famous Missing Link,
Or name it if you can!

The long and short; the thick and thin;
All standing in a row!
And the wild man who was captured
Way down in Borneo!

And last of all but not the least,
Within that hippodrome,
Wuz every kind of animal—
From Africa to Nome.

The monster hippopotamus!
The lion in his lair!
The camel and the elephant
And then the polar bear!

And there wuz birds of paradise!
And snakes as long as rails!
And there wuz heaps of monkeys, too,
A hanging by their tails!

And there wuz many other things
To wonder and appall,
You know there wuz so many
That we couldn't see 'em all!

Our little world wuz limited!
But never, since our birth,
Had anything come up to it—
The Greatest Show on Earth!

To you who see the three rings now
'Twould seem a little slow,
But we all got our money's worth
At that old-fashioned show!

MAXIMS

The faith we have in friendship
Is by far the noblest part,
The friends we know of long ago
Are nearest to the heart.

Man in the present never is at rest,
The dim and distant future seemeth best.

In battling with the mighty hosts of
wrong,
The march of human progress drags
along.

GETTING OLD.

I never knew that I was old,
Until today when I was told.
I left my office for the street,
Intent on something good to eat.

A chauffeur by the name of Brown,
Within an ace had run me down.
I told that chauffeur he was blind,
And started out to ease my mind.

Says I, "Young man, I'm fifty-two,
But I can wipe the ground with you!"
Just then some kid, I heard him yell,
"Go to it, Dad, and give him H——!"

FAIRY TALES

“My dear mamma,” said little Fred,
When snugly tucked up in his bed,

“Are fairy tales all told in rhyme
And do they start ‘Once on a time?’ ”

“Oh no, my son,” said Mrs. Gray,
“Your papa’s do not start that way,

“His fairy tales are up to date:
He’s ‘at the office’ when he’s late,—

“He never yet was known to fail
To start that way his fairy tale.”

HOUSE OF LORDS

'Twas in the House of Lords one day,
A member had some things to say
That very much offended:
The speaker had at once explained,
The House was very sorely pained
And said, "My lord, you realize,
You should at once apologize."
The member knelt upon the floor,
And said, "Your pardon I implore."
He then arose with graceful ease,
And brushed the dust from off his knees,
And told them with a stately bow,
"The House is dirty anyhow."

MAN'S EMANCIPATION

The hope of all the centuries,
The fondest dream of man
Has been an economic, broad,
Co-operative plan.

Long ago, 'twas Aristotle,
Who had a vision when
The King of toil was coming, for
The betterment of men.

When the shuttles of the weaver
Were set to work by steam,
Man had produced the masterpiece
Of Aristotle's dream.

The great machine, with breath of fire,
Is destined yet to be
Man's liberator here on earth,
The God to set him free.

When man controls that king of toil,
His work will be a pleasure—
That blessed boon will give to man
His liberty and leisure.

This has been called an Age of Ease,
An epoch grand and free,
Instead it is an age of Strife,
Of shame and misery.

One truth there is, that man must know,
Before he can be free,
That wisdom is the power to give
Him life and liberty.

Bread is the golden key to life,
A part of nature's plan;
Who owns the tools to make the bread,
'Tis he controls the man.

The problem of the universe,
When taken as a whole
Give equal access to the bread
You then will free the soul.

Throughout the ages man has been,
By myth and ghost pursued,
Downtrodden, tortured and debased,
Dishonored and subdued.

When science with her thoughtful face
Looked on through prison bars,
While superstition's banner waved
In many countless wars.

A few have ruled by fear and force,
When reason was a crime—
A few have over-awed mankind
With impudence sublime.

A few have held an option
On that land beyond the skies;
They claimed the right-of-way upon
The road to Paradise.

The old traditions handed down,
In every age and place
Are but historic fables,
In the twilight of the race.

No creed has dedicated yet
A Temple to the free,
No throne has built a column
For the cause of liberty.

Man has been a beast of burden
With a load upon his back,
The Priest and Politician
He has had them both to pack.

A master class has governed man,
A few collect a toll
By stepping on a brother's rights,
That they may reach the goal.

That system cannot long endure,
By any law or plan
When founded on disunion,
By dividing man from man.

There'll be a multitude of sins,
And crime will reign supreme—
Disorder and disease the rule,
And virtue but a dream.

Delirium will be at large,
Mankind be under ban,
We search the universe to find
One full developed man.

For centuries of servitude
Man has been hypnotized,
The awful insult to the soul
Has not been realized.

The flesh of martyrs cut and brused
By chains in prison cell,
Heroic spirits who have past
Through flames of living Hell.

The slaves and chattels in the past
Who have been bought and sold,
Where curse and whip and human blood
Were substitutes for gold.

The countless sons of toil who have
 Been crucified and slain,
While struggling through the ages
 Up the Calvary of pain.

When greed alone shall rule the world,
 There'll come, beyond a doubt,
A time when genius, art and song,
 Will all be blotted out.

The social fabric would present
 A fast decaying world,
'Twould fall a mass of ruins,
 Then be into a chaos hurled.

MAN'S EMANCIPATION—A VISION

Through the mists of myth and fable,
Through the blackness of the night,
Over self and pomp and power,
Dawns the coming age of light.

A few heroic spirits yet,
With hope of no reward,
Are standing on the battle front,
Where souls are made or marred.

Like legionary knights of old,
Determined to be free,
Who led the conquering columns
For the cause of liberty.

Every land where man has suffered
For the right was crucified,
Always some immortal genius,
Hand in hand, has walked beside.

They who have suffered most for man,
Who did the greatest good,
How often in their day and age,
Were little understood!

Time will reward heroic souls,
The brave, the true of heart,
While justice holds in scorn that one
Who acts the coward's part.

The race is only primitive,
The many do not see,
A few are fanning to a blaze,
That spark of liberty.

Man yet will come into his own,
Attain his high estate,
Who does the greatest good for all,
That one is truly great.

Who would be just, will only claim
The right he gives another,
He stands erect who stoops to raise
A weaker, fallen brother.

The slave will break his bonds at last,
Will waken from his dream,
The prison doors will open wide,
Man's will shall be supreme.

Out in the boundless realm of thought,
The mind of man is king,
Unfettered eagle of the peaks,
With endless, tireless wing.

Behold the evils pass away,
That man has given birth—
Historic destiny is heard,
Its thunder shakes the earth.

That monster greed who roams the world
So eagerly for pelf,
In mad endeavor to consume,
Will be consumed himself.

A star is rising in the east,
A Budda can be seen—
Mahomet in Arabia,
A Paul in Palestine.

The torch of freedom in his hand,
Illuminates the way—
He comes, this herald of the dawn,
Fore-runner of the day.

Down the ages, comes this martyr,
Every burden he would bear,
'Till the spark that had been kindled,
Burst into the proletaire.

He has broken down his shackles,
Proud his banner is unfurled,
Herald of the glad awakening,
And the hope of all the world.

On to victory, he is marching,
Going at a mighty pace—
The despised of every nation,
Is the Savior of the race.

Like a Giant that was sleeping,
Like a lion in his lair,
You can hear the distant thunder
Of the coming proletaire.

This Hercules, this Giant,
Who was chained within a den,
Has cast his shackles down to speak,
Unspoken thoughts of men.

He comes to lift aside the veil,
So all the world may see—
Then from the pits of servitude,
The masses will be free.

He comes, this fearless friend of man,
Let strife and envy cease—
With evolution, hand in hand,
A messenger of peace.

Not with the iron heel of war,
With shriek of shot and shell—
But in one mighty brotherhood,
The unborn future tell.

This outcast, most maligned of men,
 At last will take his place
 The peer of all the centuries,
 The noblest of the race.

No power can put this Giant down,
 Or keep him under ban,
 A nobler age is dawning now,
 And then a nobler man.

The black flag of the feudal Lords,
 No more shall be unfurled,
 Nor cast its shadow once again
 Upon a stricken world.

The cultured parasites who live,
 And prey upon mankind
 Will find a new diversion then,
 To occupy the mind.

There'll be no multi-millionaire,
 No King in saintly dress;
No power to hold and subsidize
 A great united press.

There'll be no Lackeys then on board,
 No royal ship of state,
No Lords of earth in uniform,
 With badge to decorate.

There'll be no watered stock for sale,
 No merchants selling air—
Free men will labor, side by side,
 And each his burden bear.

No tenement shall curse the land
 Where children of the poor
Have never seen a leaf or bud,
 Or tree around the door.

Child labor, too, shall disappear,
That shame, that foul disgrace,
That darkest stain of any age,
Of any time or place.

The children of the factory,
'Tis then they will be seen
Where golden-rod and daisies grow,
In fields of wooded green.

Their cheeks will bloom with roses then,
And like the lily fair,
They'll bathe in nature's own sunshine—
Will breathe her sweet, free air.

Those frail and helpless little ones,
Will find a resting place
In happy homes where bud and bloom
The virtues of the race.

Pale woman will not be enslaved,
Or bend beneath the rod—
Will be redeemed, the peer of man,
The noblest work of God.

That friendless one who is compelled
To lead a life of shame,
Will be a wife, and mother, too,
And own an honored name.

The toiling masses free from care,
The joys of life complete—
While they who clothe the world may
share,
Who feed the world may eat.

Then man will treat his fellow man
As man should treat his neighbor—
Throughout the land in halls of state,
Will sit the sons of labor.

Down-trodden man will stand erect
 With freedom's flag unfurled,—
 The crucial test for all will be
 Some service to the world.

The strong will freely aid the weak
 From out of nature's store—
 And justice with a loving hand,
 Will lead the mental poor.

The thrones and creeds will pass away,
 They will have done their part--
 The future creeds, the priests and kings,
 Will be the brain and heart.

The coming church will recognize
 In every man a brother,
 Its cornerstone, unselfish love.
 The joy you give another.

Then bread, that problem of the age,
That part of nature's plan,
The great machine, with breath of fire,
Will make the bread for man.

Man will control that king of toil,
His work will be a pleasure—
That blessed boon will give to man
His liberty and leisure.

Production, too, will be controlled
By predetermined plan,
With all for each, and each for all
The betterment of man.

Then man will found a faith divine,
With love the greater part—
Not from the center of the skies,
But from the human heart.

Humanity will be humane
 And all its rights possess,
 Each one contribute to the sum
 Of human happiness.

Man will be sovereign, grand and free,
 Exalted and divine,
 Eternal master of himself,
 A King of royal line.

Free from myth and superstition,
 Which have bound him down to
 earth—

Free from all the fancied evils
 That have followed him from birth.

Free, no more to be a servant,
 Nor to bend beneath the rod—
 Standing 'neath the flag of nature,
 Man's the counterpart of God!

Then right will be the only might,
 The world will yet be free—
One flag will fly in every port,
 The flag of liberty.

MAXIMS

Since time upon his course began
 'Twill stand the crucial test,
They who have done the most for man
 Have served their country best.

The wrongs of man that maketh angels
 weep
Where justice though not dead is oft
 asleep.

Whose cause is just is doubly armed
 And strengthened for the fight—
'Tis but a self-inflicted wound
 Who dares to strike the right.

BAR OF PUBLIC OPINION

The court is open all the time,
With facts in its possession,
'Tis much unlike all other courts;
It's never out of session.

Time honored customs are compelled
To come before this bar,
And yet no facts have been assailed—
For truth it cannot mar.

This court cannot be overawed;
And all are made to feel
The power and righteous judgment of
This court of last appeal!

The modern Daily Press is first
To come before this bar;
Its pages filled with vice and crime,
Its voice is still for war.

Regarding what we eat and drink,
The press is not so blind,
But half within its pages is
So deadly to the mind!

The public have an interest
In the all-important question:
How much of crime is brought about
By reading and suggestion?

To punish crime, the press has tried,
With very good intention,
It should begin to realize
There's something in prevention!

When higher thought and purer is
Demanded by the nation—
'Tis then the public press will rise
To greater elevation!

The Politician is the next
To surely meet disaster,
The people tire of hiring him
To be their lord and master!

They, too, who run the ship of state,
Are not above suspicion!
For most of them are governed by
A personal ambition!

There's many a one who represents
Some leading corporation;
But few, in either House, deserve
The public commendation!

The Politician's being weighed,
Along with all the rest,
On present information,
He will never stand the test.

Then, too, the Money King appears,
Who's treated most unfair,
Benighted and unfortunate,
Down-trodden millionaire!

The patient toilers of the land,
The money power neglect,
The people have few rights indeed,
The money power respect!

We often lock and bar our doors,
For safety in the night;
But overlook the greater thieves,
Who rob in broad daylight!

At times the people in reform
Are just a little slow,
These "Cultured Gentlemen," will soon
Be with the passing show.

Mankind has yet to take to heart
That maxim good and true:
Do unto others as you would
That they would do to you!

Then Union Labor is in line
That mighty federation
With hands across the sea, they now
Embrace the whole creation.

No use to strike and boycott and
Keep up an awful din;
Unite and use the ballot! Then
You cannot fail to win.

Then there's the Man who tills the soil,
Who's honest as the day!
He only uses water when
He irrigates his hay!

He packs his eggs in summertime;
But later in the fall,
He sells them to the city chap,
Who thinks he knows it all!

The Farmer's coming right along
And learns by observation;
The many ways in which to serve
His day and generation.

Now take the School of Medicine:
The talented M. D.,
In many kinds of ailments,
Is most woefully at sea!

It is admitted some of them
May know a thing or two;
But all of them are licensed so!
No matter what they do.

In this, our most enlightened age,
Aside from making pills,
They torture animals, to find
A cure for human ills.

The world would be the better far,
So thousands now agree,
If all the drugs upon the earth
Were thrown into the sea!

Behold the Doctor of the Law,
That splendid legal scholar!
Who never lets a chance go by
To turn an honest dollar!

The most of them are demagogues;
Nor are they men of letters,
How often are they called upon
To prosecute their betters!

Before you hire a Legal Light,
In city or in town,
If there is anything that's loose,
You'd better nail it down!

For every time you go to court,
There's not the slightest doubt,
You pay when you are going in
And when you're coming out!

The learned Professors now appear,
Who have a mighty yearning,
To pile the mental store-house with
A mass of useless learning!

The most they teach is technical:
They know no other way!
You must become an expert, or
Your time is thrown away!

There seems to be but little doubt,
They need another plan;
A new department to instruct
The higher type of man.

Then Monarchy is ushered in,
With rule of iron hand!
For Royalty has always been
The curse of every land!

Your Lords and Dukes and Princes, all,
Are merely titled things!
And all of them together, too,
Are but the breath of kings!

These leeches on the public purse
Have surely had their day!
The throne, that was so mighty once,
Is falling to decay!

And when the throne shall turn to dust
And mingle with the soil,
There'll still be Lords and Princes left;
The hardy sons of toil!

At last the Clergy of the land
Are called to testify,
They fear to give their honest thought
Or tell the reason why!

A few of them have dared to think
And though 'tis counted treason,
'Tis what the world is coming to;
Their only light is reason!

Assumption by the Ministry
Is re-examined now,
Though public sentiment demands,
Yet they are loath to bow!

In each and every age the Church
Has been the only place
Where man could be in touch with God,
Or meet Him face to face!

We meet Him on the desert wild!
Or in the garden fair!
We meet Him in the silent wood!
For God is everywhere!

Within the sanctum of the soul!
Or by the open sea—
The Church is not the only place
To seek Divinity!

The Creeds are slowly losing ground,
That man has given birth,
They all in time will pass away
And perish from the earth:

But every noble deed and word;
And every truth sublime,
Will be forever handed down
To every age and clime:

And in the final summing up,
The world will know the facts!
As each and every one is judged
According to his acts!

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